THE

CHRISTIAN MONITOR,

AND

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

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FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

AN ESSAY ON THE REDEMPTION OF TIME.

For the First Day of the Year 1813.

TIME is the most choice and precious of all things in the world. We ought to part with it as misers do with their gold, and pay no moment but in purchase of its worth. 'I've lost a day,' the prince who nobly cried, had been an emperor without his crown. Do we want to know the full value of time? Let us visit the death-beds of unprepared souls, and hear them plead for a month, for a week, for a day, to wash away their sins and fit them for the passage. Could we hear the lectures of a damned soul, they might teach us the value of time, the worth of the soul, and the infinite importance of salvation. Past time is an estate lost that we can never redeem; O let us diligently and faithfully improve the present, the future we may never see. Surely the work we have to do is a reason for improving it; we have a God to honour and serve, an immortal soul to fit and prepare for glory, and does any one think this a little work? Alas! he does not understand its nature. The time also allotted to us is short and uncertain; we should therefore number our days, and take an exact inventory of the probable number

that must necessarily be devoted to purposes not intimately connected with the great work of our salvation as those devoted to sleep and worldly business, and then we may know how few we have left for the sole purpose of glorifying God and preparing for a future state. Alas! how many of us may say,

"We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
And blundering, split on idleness for ease?"

Had we suitable ideas of the leaf-like shortness of time, the vast importance of the soul, and the awful uncertainty of death, our attention would be more roused to pious, constant, Christ-like diligence.

"This leaves in act no trifle, and no blank in time;
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This the blest art of turning all to gold."

Since the last year commenced, thousands and tens of thousands are for ever blotted from the record of the living; yet the same stream that carried them into eternity's boundless ocean is rapidly bearing us along. Great Father, raise our spirits upward, all below is but a dream. That we may well improve the precious moments allotted to us, let a regular method be observed in the distribution of time; he that lives without method, lives to little purpose. Early rising redeems time from the voracious jaws of sleep. Idle recreations and trifling amusements ought to be retrenched; these are great pilferers of precious time. Idleness is a great vortex; it swallows up many precious moments; we should be always usefully employed, or at least in such a way as our affairs will admit.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts wisely, angels can no more."

The young, who have the best time in hand; the aged, who have little time to live; and the busy, who have many claims upon their time, should all redeem the precious moments from sin, from Satan, from sloth, from pleasure, from visiting, from business, from the world—and improve it in reading, prayer, meditation, self-examination, and spiritual improvement.

Grotius used to take for his motto, 'Hora ruit,' to put himself in continual remembrance, that he should usefully employ that time that was flying away with extreme rapidity. Doctor Cotten Mather had such a value for time, that he wrote over his study in capital letters, 'Be short,' to remind his friends not to encroach too much on his precious time. An Italian Doctor expressed, that time was his estate, an estate that would produce nothing without cultivation. Time is one of the great blessings committed to us by the Almighty for our improvement.

"And treacherous conscience, while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song,
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied,
In leaves more durable than those of brass."

Blessed and adorable Redeemer, thou fountain of all good, thou most perfect pattern of diligence in the improvement of time, warm with thy precious love our cold and torpid souls to a holy fervour. Draw us with the cords of thy love, that like giants we may run our race; that while time flies, heaven invites, death calls, and eternity advances, we may gird up the loins of our minds, watch, pray, run, wrestle, strive, fight, believe and love, and work out our salvation with fear and trembling. I shall conclude this paper with an impressive little poem from Cowper.

Could I from heaven inspired, as soon presage,
To whom the rising year shall prove the last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How would each, trembling, wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die?
And reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, heavenward turn his eye?

Time then would seem more precious, than the joys
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And prayer more seasonable, than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forced to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah, self-deceived, could I prophetic say,
Who next is fated and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play,
But naming none, the voice now speaks to all. M.

Greenwich Village, N. York, Jan. 1, 1813.

EXTRACT OF A MISSIONARY SERMON.

BY DR. MILLER.

For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry. Habakkuk ii. 3.

ALTHOUGH our text has a primary reference to expectations long since realized, and to blessings enjoyed many ages ago; it may, with equal propriety, be applied to the distresses of the militant church, in all periods, and to the promises of better days, which are scattered through every part of the sacred volume. *Glorious things are spoken of the city of our God*; many of which, and some of the most interesting, yet remain to be accomplished. That we expect their fulfilment in due time, our profession as Christians, and our plans and exertions for spreading the gospel, abundantly testify: and that we do not expect in vain, the declaration before us furnishes a precious assurance and pledge: For thus saith the Lord, *The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.*

In illustrating this passage, and in applying it to the occasion on which we are convened, I shall consider it as embracing, and as intended to inculcate the following truths:—

I. God is acting agreeably to a plan in which there is a *fixed time* for executing all the designs announced in prophecy.

II. In executing this plan, occurrences often arise which disappoint the expectations of the pious, and lead them to suppose that the fulfilment of the promise for which they look is delayed beyond the appointed period.

III. The punctual and full accomplishment of every divine prediction is, nevertheless, certain.

IV. We ought, therefore, to wait for this happy issue without anxiety or fear, and to use every exertion, as *workers together with God*, for carrying his designs into effect, in his own way and time.

I. *God is acting agreeably to a plan, in which there is a fixed time for accomplishing all the designs announced in prophecy.*

This position will scarcely be thought to need formal proof before an assembly of professing Christians. If we believe that God possesses those perfections which all who acknowledge his existence have concurred in ascribing to him, we must consider him as acting with design; and if this be the case, then every event was foreseen, and adjusted with infinite skill; and nothing however minute, was left to be the sport of chance or accident. If *a sparrow do not fall to the ground* without his providential notice, and if *the hairs of our heads be all numbered*, we may confidently conclude that a wise plan, a perfect system of procedure, reigns in every part of the universe.

When we look on the course of human affairs, indeed, we perceive much apparent disorder, and many seeming deviations from a regular plan. We behold, on every side, continual confusion and change. We see fluctuating purposes, weak and abortive undertakings, and a mingled mass of vices and virtues, success and disappointment, joys and sorrows.

We see empires rising and falling; forms of government built up and destroyed; and nations rushing together with lawless fury, as if bound by no tie, as if directed by no steady principle of action. Every thing seems committed to accident, or dictated by caprice. But this confusion is only apparent. The whole system of Creation, of Providence, and of Redemption, was fixed in the counsels of God, *before the mountains were*

brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were formed. Amidst the seeming disorder, therefore, which we witness, there is an infinitely wise Agent behind the scene, who "rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm," and with a regularity which, though unperceived, is real and perfect, is conducting every thing in the best possible manner. Yes, it is a precious and consoling truth, that, amidst all the frivolities of human weakness, the conflicts of insatiable ambition, the struggles of diabolical malignity, and the jarrings of selfishness and passion, one great and noble purpose is ever in the view of Jehovah; is still carried on with undeviating steps; and will be finally accomplished by him, whose prerogative it is to bring good out of evil, light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and to make every creature and action promote his glory.

But if God be acting upon a plan thus perfectly digested, thus wisely arranged in all its parts; then the *time*, as well as the place, of each event is known and fixed. To suppose that any circumstance, relating to any object, is either hidden in uncertainty from the eye of Omniscience, or not determined by boundless Wisdom, is to suppose a contradiction. To dream of doubtful or unknown contingencies in the plan of government devised and pursued by an infinitely perfect Being, is to rob him of his glory, and to consider him *altogether such an one as ourselves*. No; he who made the universe, who continually governs it, and who guides all its complicated movements, foresaw every event, adjusted every instrument, ascertained the time, the place, and all the circumstances of every action; and interwove, with his plan, from the beginning, the means necessary to meet every exigency, and the agents suitable for every season that should arise, from its commencement to its consummation.

The time to *favour Zion* with those rich blessings which her King has in store for her, is said to be a *set time*.

II. *In carrying on the divine plan, occurrences often arise, which disappoint the expectations of the pious, and lead them to suppose that the execution of the promise for which they look is delayed beyond the appointed time.* In other words, *The accomplishment of the prediction may appear to tarry.*

It is scarcely necessary to remark here, that no delay actually takes place. The *vision* may, and often does tarry beyond *our* time; but it does not, it cannot tarry beyond *God's* time. The human mind is ever prone to be busy in anticipation. It rushes to the end, with inconsiderate precipitancy, without sufficiently regarding the intermediate steps of necessary preparation. Into this error the pious are apt to fall, with regard to the declared purposes of God. They fix their hearts on a particular event, or promise. They hastily take up an expectation that this object of their hopes will be accomplished at a certain time, which they are pleased, without any warrant, to fix; and when their expectation fails of being realized, the disappointment fills them with anxiety, their faith is shaken, and desponding thoughts begin to arise.

But, *as high as the heavens are above the earth, so are God's ways above our ways, and God's thoughts above our thoughts.* While man is fluctuating in his designs, and precipitate in his movements, Jehovah is ever advancing towards his mighty purpose, with a steady, gradual, majestic course. Nothing can retard, nothing accelerate his progress. Although his plans sometimes appear to us to be arrested in their course, and at others to be retrograde, like the planetary motions to an ignorant observer of the heavens; yet they are all, in reality, still moving on, as rapidly as their nature and their systematic relations will permit.

Apparent and remarkable delays have taken place in more modern times. Faithful witnesses of God, and zealous reformers of his Church, appeared, in different parts of the world for a long time before the period eminently distinguished as the era of the Reformation. The *Waldenses*, in *Italy* and *Spain*; the *Albigenses*, in *France*; the followers of *Huss* and *Jerome*, in *Germany*, and of *Wickliffe*, in *England*, all bore an honourable testimony against the corruptions of their day, and *contended* with a noble firmness *for the faith once delivered to the saints*. It is probable that the pious of those countries, while they *sighed and mourned for all the abominations* done in the Church, were confident in expecting that the prayers and the labours of these zealous adherents to the truth would be speedily succes-

ful. They were, indeed, blessed of God, and their testimony was by no means unproductive of useful effects. But though they shed some light on the cause of the Redeemer; yet the clouds of darkness still sat thick and deep over the nations. The Lord's time to visit Zion with that rich mercy which he afterwards displayed, was not fully come. Even when the dawn approached, as in the natural night, the darkness became thicker, and the aspect of the Church more melancholy; until, when the proper period had arrived, and the necessity of divine interference had become more than usually apparent to every serious mind, *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Knox*, and other distinguished Reformers, were raised up, endued with wisdom, girded with strength, and prepared with every requisite qualification, to extend and finish the work which had been long before commenced.

I will only detain you, brethren, by reciting one instance more, to illustrate and confirm the position before us. The downfall of the immense and odious fabric of Papal superstition has been long, and particularly within a century past, an object of the earnest supplications and the confident hopes of the pious. Several recent events encouraged many Protestant believers to suppose, that the accomplishment of the divine predictions on this subject was *nigh, even at the door.* And, especially when the late Pope was, for a time, driven from his throne, and reduced to the humiliating circumstances which my hearers familiarly recollect, multitudes imagined that the work was already completed; that *Babylon the great* was fallen; and that this obstacle to the commencement of millennial glory was taken out of the way. We have lived to see that our hopes were, in a degree, premature. We ran before the promise of God. That corrupt hierarchy has been shaken by the righteous judgments of the Most High; it still totters to its base; and we have reason to be confident that the time is not far off, when it will be totally overthrown.

III. *The punctual and full accomplishment of every divine prediction is, nevertheless, certain. In the end the vision will speak, and not lie;* or, as some render the original, *In the end it shall break forth with glory, and not deceive—it will surely come, it will not tarry.*

The faithfulness of God in fulfilling all the declarations of his word, is mentioned by the inspired writers with peculiar frequency, and with animated confidence. They dwell on this precious attribute with delight, and cheerfully stake their all upon its reality. The same attribute still remains as the foundation of the hope and joy of believers in every age.

IV. *We ought to wait for this happy result without despondency or fear; and to aspire to the honour of being workers together with God, for carrying his designs into effect, in his own way and time.*

A spirit of indolence is apt to convert the certain accomplishment of the divine predictions into an apology for inactivity and sloth. "God," say those who are under the influence of this spirit, "will support his own cause, and execute his own purposes; and therefore it is unnecessary for us to indulge in anxiety, or to busy ourselves with exertions, in promoting them." Degrading and criminal plea! God *will* support his own cause; but if we refuse to co-operate with him in maintaining and conducting it, he will reject us, and give the happiness and the honour connected with such co-operation to others. He *will* execute his purposes in spite of our negligence; but if we be not found among the number of those who labour to bring about the execution, we have no right to expect either his blessing, or the consolations which abound to faithful servants. It was to that servant whom his Lord, when he came, found *watching*, and *doing his will*, that rich rewards and honours were adjudged.

It is, then, a part of the duty enjoined in the text, and, of course, is required of every Christian, that he mingle with patient and humble waiting for the fulfilment of the divine promises, the most active and unwearied labour, to hasten on the desired event. There is no inconsistency between these. It is a wretched mistake to suppose that humble dependence on God has a tendency to discourage exertion, or that it renders activity unreasonable. In truth, when duly considered, they will be found to impart aid and strength to each other.

(*To be continued.*)

REFLECTIONS FOR COMMUNICANTS.

LUKE xxii. 14—34.

WHAT holy rapture and heavenly pleasure, with a mixture of sorrow and wonder, must have filled the minds of the disciples, when Jesus taking the bread and wine, said, "This is my body given, and my blood shed for you!"—and yet what a gloom must it have cast upon their spirits to hear the intelligence, "The hand of him that betrayeth me, is with me on the table!" How eagerly must the inquiry have circulated, "Lord, is it I? Is it I?" But we learn that, in the most holy duties, when the soul feels least attached to earth, and ascends most after heavenly joys, sin creeps in, and Satan attempts to destroy the peace and harmony of religious societies; for here, while in the act of contemplating the wonders of divine love, while in the very presence of him, in whom dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," a most insignificant question disturbs them; and they dispute among themselves "which shall be accounted greatest." O, the heart, the heart! What will not the depraved heart suggest! We cannot wonder, if in every society are found, those of whom it shall hereafter be declared, though having eaten and drank at the table of the Lord, "I know you not:" for here, even in this little number, is one who partook of the same bread, and drank of the same cup with the rest, in whom Satan had entered, to lift up his heel against the Lord, to seek how he should betray him. How important, therefore, it becomes to ask our own hearts, "Is it I?" And upon examination, how often shall we find ourselves among the betrayers of Jesus! Paul says, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat," &c. Examination, therefore, becomes an act of importance in sitting at the table of the Lord. Nor need we be surprised, if those who boast most of their attachment and fidelity, should give awful proof of the danger of self-importance. Peter, the most forward to speak of the greatest apparent abilities, the first to defend his Master, is informed, that Satan has desired "to sift him as wheat." How delightful the reflection, that the intercession of Jesus must prevail; for Jesus informs him, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not." Peter seems astonished that his Lord should

doubt his zeal, exclaiming, "I will follow him to prison and to death!" But he who knew all things, says, "The cock shall not crow before thou thrice deny that thou knowest me." The event proves the truth of the assertion. O then, "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

We learn also the advantage of love to one another. All concerned in one cause, worshipping one God, travelling one road, possessing the same promises, enjoying the same privileges, looking for the same kingdom, how natural seems the conclusion, that love should abound! O, let us then forget the name of Party, while remembering we shall ere long enjoy the same glory in a world where sin cannot enter, where love and peace will for ever abound! The new command, therefore, given by Jesus Christ, becomes important to us while on earth, "Love one another!"

To sum up all: this little society, consisting but of twelve in number, gives a striking picture of the present state of the Christian church. Satan is apt to stir up strife among the members; deceivers, alas! will always be found among them; the most shining professors are liable to make a slip; and we often need the admonition, "Love one another."

It is our greatest mercy that "Jesus has prayed for us," that he has died and shed his blood for the remission of our sins, and that "through him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."—May we be anxious to pass humbly through life, to examine ourselves, to take heed lest we fall, and to love one another!

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Revivals of Religion. THE God of grace is apparently visiting Elizabethtown in New-Jersey, with great power and mercy. We are informed that more than sixty persons have lately called on the Rev. Mr. M'Dowell in one week, with this interesting inquiry, "What shall I do to be saved?"

We also learn that in Newark much attention has lately been excited to divine things, and that in Philadelphia there is disco-

vered more than a common spirit of prayer. On Thursday the 24th of December an association was formed in that city, for the specific purpose of imploring a revival of religion in all the churches of that metropolis. The most zealous laymen of many churches were present, and the meeting was opened by an address from the Rev. Mr. Ely of New-York. When Christians begin to pray fervently for a revival, it affords evidence that God has in some measure revived his work in their hearts, and we have reason to cherish the hope that he who has said, "they shall call upon me and I will answer," is about to quicken many dead sinners. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem."

Interesting Report. By order of the General Assembly, the "Report of the Committee, appointed to draught a plan for disciplining baptized children" has been lately published and is for sale at 96 Broadway. The Committee were the Rev. James Richards, Dr. Miller, and Dr. Romeyn. The last gentleman we learn was the writer of the report. It is not a work of controversy with the Baptists, but it clearly and forcibly exhibits the duty of those churches which practise infant baptism, in relation to all their catechumens. It is a learned report, which displays much laborious research; and were its principles adopted and acted upon by the Presbyterian Church, she would undoubtedly have reason to rejoice in her children, which should become sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. If a Church, in her ecclesiastical capacity, trains up her baptized ones in the way in which they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it. All the pædobaptist Churches are equally interested in this subject, and the Report cannot be too strongly recommended to their serious attention.

A new Society. A society for propagating the gospel among the poor in the city of New-York, and particularly in the Hospital and Almshouse has lately been organized, and has chosen Col. Henry Rutgers, President. We understand that the subscriptions for the support of a stated preacher have been unusually liberal, and we confidently trust Mr. Ely's Journal, and Dr. Milledoler's address will be of incalculable benefit to the souls of the poor, when they shall slumber in the dust. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been favoured with the following extract, which I offer you for insertion in your valuable paper. It is calculated to afford satisfaction and pleasure to every well-wisher to the interests of the King of Zion; happy would it be for us if Jehovah would send us a time of refreshing from his presence: then sectarianism would be disregarded, and one general interest be pursued, viz. the salvation of souls. Social prayer-meetings are, perhaps, more calculated than many other means, to quicken the hearts of Christians to a supplicating desire for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; the time is advancing when there shall be none to hurt in all God's holy mountain. Amen. So may it soon be.

Extract of a Letter to a young Lady residing in this city, from a female friend, dated Stonington, (Con.) Dec. 19, 1812.

"The following is a statement of *the Westerly Reformation,** the greatest that has ever been known there.—The work began about two months ago. A preacher by the name of Ebenezer Brown came into that place seeking employment; during the day he laboured and in the evenings he preached. At first but few attended: but after a few evenings the School-House was so crouded that they raised the windows that the people outside of the house might have an opportunity of hearing also. In a short time the multitude increased, and they repaired to the Meeting-house † when 7 or 800 persons attended on every meeting, at some of which a general sobbing has been heard and an awful solemnity pervaded the whole; at times when the preacher or brethren were engaged in prayer, a great part of the assembly would be on their knees crying out in bitterness of soul, "*What shall we do?*" and others, "*God be merciful to me a sinner?*"

There is no confusion in these solemn meetings—Numbers speak one after the other for the edification of the multitude, from

* Westerly is adjacent to Stonington, and is a considerable place.

† There is no regular preacher in the place—they had preaching only occasionally as preachers came to the place.

12 years old and upwards—The best account obtained is that 200 professed to be set at liberty—100 have been baptized, and numbers were presenting themselves as candidates. The good work appears spreading and additions are daily making."

In addition to the above.—A letter from another person dated from the same place, in reference to the subject says—"Many of the first people of the place, and men who at first opposed these meetings, were led to attend on them, and at last solicited the preacher to pray on their behalf whilst they were on their knees."

I am, dear Sir,
Your friend and
Well-wisher to your Monitor.

Dec. 29, 1812. E. N. J.

OBITUARY.

Died, in this city, on Wednesday Evening last, Mrs. Marcia Stodder, relict of the late David Stodder, of Baltimore, aged 62 years. The amiable and exemplary character of the deceased may be summed up in these words. When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her; the blessing of him who was ready to perish, came upon her; and she caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy. She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; mother to the orphan, and the cause she knew not she searched out; she was rich, for she was upright and charitable.

A HYMN FOR NEW-YEAR.

Father of Mercies! God of Love!
Whose kind compassion still we prove;
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
Thus brought to see another year.

What shall we render to thy name,
Or how thy glorious praise proclaim!
Whose constant, kind, indulgent care
Has brought us to another year.

Thy bounty, pity, patience too,
With thankful hearts, Lord, we review;

And own we've had a plenteous share
To bring us to another year.

Our souls, our all we here resign,
Make us and keep us ever thine;
And grant that in thy love and fear,
We may begin another year.

Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thine holy will;
Then shall our souls with joy sincere,
Bless thee for this another year.

Help us to walk as in thy sight,
With growing pleasure and delight;
Then, whether life or death appear,
We'll bless thee for another year,

Still, Lord, through life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day,
We'll joyful part with all that's here,
Nor wish on earth another year.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

A PENITENT THOUGHT.

If sick of folly, I relent, he writes
My name in Heaven. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

ALMIGHTY love, attend my humble suit,
If mercy shine thy darling attribute,
Hear, in the dust, an abject sinner speak,
Guilt in my heart, and blushing on my cheek.
My sins are black as night, and vile as hell,
No pen can paint them, and no words can tell,
So deep their stain, so vast their numbers swell;

Like a dread army they around me rise,
And lift their hostile banners to the skies;
Or as a spectre glare upon my view,
And say, base monster, this was done by you.
Alas! I feel a wound, I feel it deep,
Which robs my heart of peace, my eyes of sleep;
I feel a wound which none can heal but He,
Who bore on earth the deepest wounds for me.
O fatal, fatal, ever fatal guilt,
My crimson crimes Emmanuel's blood have spilt,
Fixt the sharp thorn his bleeding head around,
Transpierc'd his hands, and gave the mortal wound;
I caus'd that mortal paleness, that deep groan
That rent all marble save my heart of stone.
If weeping seraphs saw Messiah die,
And ask the murderer's name, 'twas guilty I.
Base monster, canst thou hope that he would bleed
For such a wretch, and wash away the deed?
Or rather, flaming vengeance strike the blow,
And plunge the rebel down to endless wo?
But while thy judgments linger, hear me call,
Appeal to love, and at thy footstool fall;
Behold me guilty, every crime confess,
Curse my base head, and supplicate redress.
Does earth with iron walls enclose my pray'r?
Does heav'n, as brass, forbid admittance there?
Will God his precious promises recant?
Or violate his blood-writ covenant?
Is the rich source of boundless mercy dry?
Has smiling pity fled Jehovah's eye?
Has charming goodness left the courts above?
Is love exhausted in the source of love?
In Jesus' face does no compassion beam?
Is there no virtue in the purple stream?
There is! there is! then plunge me in that flood,
And wash, O, wash me in a Saviour's blood. M.

Greenwich Village, New-York, Dec. 1812.